

THE

# Roasting of a Parson.

**DITTY,**

That may be

sung by the **HIGH CHURCH,**

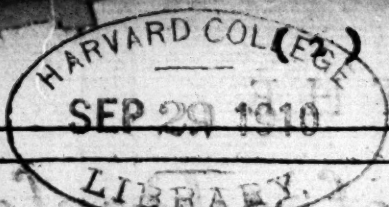
**AND**

Said by the **LOW**

Imitation (and to the TUNE) of  
**CHEVY CHACE.**

**L O N D O N :**

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*Ward fund*  
**The Roasting of a Parson, &c.**

**M**AY Heav'n preserve our Good *Queen ANNE*  
From *Rebel Whigs*, I pray,  
And from each *discontented Man*  
Our *Holy Church* alway.  
And now ye *English Men* give Ear  
Unto what did befall,  
A Gospel-preaching *Minister*,  
In *Westminster's* great *Hall* :  
*Henry Sacheverell* was his Name  
Whom there the *Whigs* did roast,  
Tho' they, at present, of the same  
Have little Cause to boast ;  
And *Whigs* that are *unborn* may rue  
The *Roasting* of that Day :  
Which if being born will make 'em do,  
I wish they *never* may.  
For *Whigs* are those, who evermore  
Are void of *Sense* and *Shame*,  
And can *Rebellion* cover o'er  
With *Moderation's* Name.  
Now in *Religion* I submit,  
They're *moderate* indeed,  
Because They think They have of it  
But very little *need* ;  
But we shou'd *happy* be, I think,  
And they as fairly *gone*,  
Were they no *mod'rater* in *Drink*,  
Than in *Sedition*.  
Good Heav'n preserve our *Clergy* then,  
From such *misjudging Times*,

f when they are not *Low-Church* Men,

Full *bigb* must be their *Crimes*!

But who, alas! can think it odd,

*Whigs* shou'd his Life pursue,

Who taught 'em to *obey* their God,

And God's *Vicegerent* too;

For *They* in *Heav'n* it self most bright,

To live have ever scorn'd,

Because *They* did not think it might

T' a *Common-Wealth* be turn'd;

And strange it is that *Whigs* shou'd not

A *Purgatory* feign,

Since both in *Heav'n* and *Hell* they wor,

There does a *Monarch* reign,

But *They* that pains do wisely spare,

And chuse to live in H———,

Because that all the *Devils* there,

Did like *themselves Rebel*;

And because *Lucifer's* great Sin

*They* may like *Cromwell's* call;

For had he not a *Rebel* been,

He ne'er had reign'd at all.

How great was *Dolben's* Impudence,

Who first this *Strife* began!

Yet for his quick *Departure* hence,

We can forgive the Man.

And no hard Task it is to show

How *Dolben* had the Knack

To set the *Roast* a going so,

Who was himself a *Jack*.)

or when he cou'd not make the *Laws*

Do what he'd have 'em do,

He fairly yielded up the *Cause*,

And eke the *Ghost* also,

That *Dolben* was a *Whig*, all own,

And *Whigs*, I've heard 'em say,

Cruel *Tyrant* on his *Throne*

Do scorn for to *obey*;



*Death tyrannizes o'er us Men,*

And all things that have *Breath*;

Alas! why Did not *Dolben* then

*Resist the Tyrant Death?*

And now *Westminster-Hall* so fine;

Was made the *Roasting-Place*,

Where *English Kings* of old did *dine*;

Oh! horrible *Disgrace*!

And therefore most assuredly,

They all deserve to *burn*,

Who such a *Noble Hall* thereby,

Did to a *Kitchen* turn.

Therein a *Scaffold* furthermore,

To build they streight began,

The *like* was never seen before

By many an *English Man*.

And with less *Mercy* They pull'd down,

Both Men's and Women's *Stalls*,

Than other People wou'd have done,

The *Cobwebs* on the *Walls*.

They turn'd all *Semptresses* a-drift,

And it was well indeed,

That They had still another *Shift*,

To serve in time of need.

Whose *Hands* being now from working ty'd,

Their *Heads* cou'd not prevail,

To get a *Living*, so they try'd

To get it by the *Tail*.

Thus when the *Hall* was made within

All ready for to be,

Whoever cou'd but once get in,

*Thrice* happy sure was he,

*Lame*, *Blind*, and *Deaf*, all thither *came*,

To see and eke to *bear*,

'And vow'd that nothing with the same

There cou'd besides compare;

Many an *Hostess* then did come,

To see that *Dreadful Bar*,

( 5 )  
And (for her purpose) left at home

A better one by far.

The *Tradesman* who his *Spouse* then sent,

No kind of *Loss* did bear,

For tho' some *Money* there was spent,

She brought a *Child* most dear;

But *he*, whom careful *Wife* did bless,

Himself did thither run,

And doubtless all his *Business*

Wou'd to his hands be done.

Then *Punch's Opera* was slain,

The *Play-Houses* laid by,

And *Water-Theatre* did remain

Almost quite drained dry.

For here some *Poppets* that did speak,

Exceeded *Punch's Size*,

Spake full as little *Sense*, and eke,

Told full as many *Lyes*.

For *Parliamentary* we own,

Their *Language* stamped was,

But sure in *Billingsgate* alone

For *Curran* it wou'd pass.

Some call'd 'em *Managers* forsooth,

(Yes, *Managers* for *H—*ll)

I think the Name of *Cooks*, in truth,

Befits 'em full as well;

And then, surely, we need not spend

Much time for to devise,

Who did to us the *Virtue* send,

And who the *Cooks* likewise.

Oh! Lord, this was enough to make

(Tho' sore against his Will)

The Parson's very *Heart* to ach,

For fear they shou'd him kill;

And yet to think, I am inclin'd,

Did we but know the Truth,

No *Ach* about him he did find,

No not in one poor *Tooth*.

For

For sure great *Courage* he had then,  
 Who so undaunted stood,  
 Against five hundred *chosen Men*,  
 And made his *Party good*,  
 To Prison some wou'd have him sent,  
 And *chain'd* for the Offence,  
 Because to *fetter them* he meant,  
 With *Passive Obedience*.  
 Others as ready wou'd have been  
 To *send* him o'er the Main,  
 But that they did believe the *Q*—  
 Wou'd *call* him *back* again.  
 Some in the *Pillory* said he ought,  
 To lose *his* precious *Ears*,  
 Because he in the *Pulpit* taught,  
 Unpleasing things to *theirs*,  
 And others for *unkennelling*  
 Their *Fox*, did all agree,  
 That like a *Dog* he ought to swing,  
 Upon the *Gallow Tree*.  
 But thus when They were busy'd all,  
 They heard a *woful Shout*,  
 Which on the out-side of the *Hall*,  
 Came from the *Rabble Rout*;  
 At this the *Managers* did start,  
 And each began to feel,  
 How that his poor affrighted *Heart*,  
 Was sunk into his *Heel*,  
 Which did that *parts so heavy* make,  
 He cou'd not *run* away,  
 But stood just like unto a *Stake*,  
 Or Lump of Lifeless Clay.  
 But (what was worse than all before)  
 The doleful *Tydings* came,  
 That *Meeting-Houses* half a score,  
 Were burning in the *Flame*;  
 The *Messenger* that brought this *News*,  
 Had harder Fate than *Jak's*;



For why They did his Body bruise  
 With sundry *Kicks* and *Drubs*.  
 But sure the *Rabble* all that Day  
 In *needless Labour* spent,  
 For what was *Scismatick*, I say,  
 They needed not have *rent*.  
 And *Quakers Meetings* (by the by)  
 Did *Quake* for fear at Night,  
 For They escap'd but narrowly  
 From giving *outward Light*.  
 One op'ning wide a *Pulpit-Door*,  
 And looking all around,  
 By Heav'n's good *Providence* on the Floor,  
 a *Brandy-Bottle* found.  
 In *Holderforth's* 'tis Wickedness  
*French Brandy* sure to take,  
 But that is *Spiritual*, I confess,  
 Which is of *English Make*.  
 Then looking carefully about,  
 Expecting further *Prey*,  
 A Dish of *Pullets* he found out,  
 That never *Egg* did lay;  
 But it was pity, I protest,  
 He shou'd be such a Child,  
 For he cry'd *Roast-meat* to the rest,  
 Altho' the *Fowls* were *boyl'd*.  
 Now all *past* *Mischief* to prevent,  
 It *wisely* was Agreed,  
 That the *Train'd Bands* shou'd first be sent,  
 And then be rais'd with speed;  
 But e'er they to the *Place* had got,  
 The *Rabble* there they found,  
 And tho' some *Bullets* there was shor,  
 No Man receiv'd one *Wound*;  
 For lo! the *Rabble* (whose vile hands  
 Pull'd all things down that Day)  
 Were gone to *make up* the *Train'd Bands*,  
 And enter'd into Pay:

So *Pick-Pocket* when others seem,  
Fast after him to *higb*,  
By joyning *those* that follow him  
Avoids the *Hue and Cry*.  
And now the *Parson* was set free,  
To live in *Safety* still,  
The *Whigs* gave him his *Liberty*,  
Full sore against their *Will*.  
Now *Passive Obedience* and *Non-*  
*Resistance* are Restor'd,  
Which all *True English Men* will own,  
While they can speak one *Word*.  
But *Hoadley* now is *mad*d so sore,  
He to the *Ground* must drop,  
Tho' like a *falling House*, great *Store*  
Of *Timber* does him prop:  
On *Low-Church Party* did depend  
His *Doctrine* full as much,  
Then sure it cannot *firmlly stand*,  
Since *broken* is that *Crutch*.  
Ye *Gentle Ladies* of the *Land*,  
Take not that *Doctrine's* Part,  
For *Bod'ly Oppression* to *withstand*,  
I'm sure you have no *Heart*:  
And eke, Ye *Batchellors*, beware,  
Who You in *Marriage* take,  
The *Low-Church Women* I declare,  
Will make Your poor *Hearts* ach:  
For *Women* that wou'd *pull the Crown*  
From off their *Sov'raign's Head*,  
Will *pull the Breeches* full as soon,  
From under *Your's* in *Bed*.

FINIS